Carmina Anglica

Latine reddidit

Leo Josia Richardson

8
R.

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CARMINA ANGLICA

LATINE REDDIDIT

LEO IOSIA RICHARDSON

SANCTI FRANCISCI

APUD CAROLUM A. MURDOCK

CIↃ IↃ CCCXCIX

UNIVERSITATIS PRAESIDI CALIFORNIENSIS

MARTINO KELLOGG

DOCTISSIMO ET ILLUSTRISSIMO

HUNC LIBELLUM

SUMMA OBSERVANTIA

D. D.

AUCTOR

Nec meus hic ſermo eſt, ſed quae praecepit Ofellus ruſticus

Under

I

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Quem

I

Quem iuvat mecum nemus incolentem,
frondis utentem viridantis umbrâ,
conſonos cantûs avibus referre
        ore ſonante,

adſit hùc! oro properet pedes, nam
perditores hic nequedum fatigant,
ſive frigus ſeu 'nebulae maluſque
        Iuppiter urget'.

Who

Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to live i' the ſun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleaſed with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Shakeſpeare.

praemium

praemium qui ſic popularis aurae
vitat, aprici ſtudioſus oti,
propriis et fretus, et ipſe parcâ
    ſorte beatus,

adſit huc! oro properet pedes, nam
perditores hic nequedum fatigant,
ſive frigus ſeu 'nebulae maluſque
    Iuppiter urget'.

By

II

By cool Siloam's ſhady rill
How fair the lily grows,
How ſweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy roſe!

Lo ſuch the child whoſe early feet
The paths of peace have trod:
Whoſe ſecret heart, with influence ſweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

R. Heber.

Lilium

II

Lilium praeſtans viget ad Siloam
frondibus laetam et fluviis; odorem
ſuaviter ſpirat roſa ſub Saronae
roſcida colle:

haud ſecus floret bene qui ſalutis
ſemitam ſemper pius eſt ſecutus,
qui Deo pure placideque vitam
deditus egit.

Thou

III

Thou ling'ring ſtar, with leſſ'ning ray,
  That lov'ſt to greet the early morn,
Again thou uſher'ſt in the day
  My Mary from my ſoul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed ſhade!
  Where is thy place of bliſſful reſt?
See'ſt thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'ſt thou the groans that rend his breaſt?

Burns.

En

III

En Lucifer, cui ſic libet in novum
ſolem intueri, rurſus eum diem
  triſtem reducit, quo fidelis
    morte dirempta mihi Marîa!

O umbra felix, his ſubito omnibus
eheu relictis, nunc ubicumque ſis
  cerniſne me maeſtum vel audis
    pectore ſollicito gementem?

O

IV

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O ſkill'd to ſing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to reſound for ages;

Whoſe Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrēan
Rings to the roar of an angel onſet—

O

IV

O dive vates, ſuave loqui ſciens
necnon tremendis in numeris, piae
vox Angliae, tu ſempiterno
nomine clariſonoque Milto!

cuius perampli Gabriel, Abdiel
ipſa aſtra tangunt, viribus angeli
pleni Jehovae, cum profundo
claſſica concinuere caelo.

Me

Me rather all that bowery lonelineſs,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuſe and cedar arches
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,

Where ſome refulgent ſunſet of India
Streams o'er a rich ambroſial ocean iſle,
And crimſon-hued the ſtately palm-woods
Whiſper in odorous heights of even.

Tennyſon.

me

me plus iuvant illa in viridario
leniſſimis cum fluminibus loca
floralia atque arcûs cedrorum,
ut ſuper oceanum vaganti

ſole occidente Stoidis inſula
celſas videtur tollere ad aetherem
palmas inaurataſque luce
paciferâ pelago ſereno.

Come

V

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

And we will ſit upon the rocks,
Seeing the ſhepherds feed their flocks
By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

V

I mecum modo tu deliciae domum,
tu coniunx hilaris! deficiet nihil,
nec curae ſegetum nec nemorum quies
nec quod mons niveus laetitiae ferat.

ſtrati per cava nos ſaxa, tuebimur
paſtores pecoris vel memores vagi,
argutas vel aves deſilientibus
lymphae fonticulis undique conſonas.

And

And I will make thee beds of roſes
And a thouſand fragrant poſies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd ſlippers for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold:

iam

iam multâ placide, Tyndaris, in roſâ
reſplendens variis undique floſculis
ſomnum feſſa petes. tum tibi pillei
ornata ac foliis pallia myrteis,

veſtis praeterea, quam tibi laneam
pulchellae pecudes vere ſatis dabunt,
molles et ſoleae, frigora quo feras,
aurataeque etiam, lux mea, fibulae.

A belt of ſtraw and ivy buds,
With coral claſps and amber ſtuds:
An' if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight each May-morning:
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Marlowe.

zonam

zonam gramineam denique conſeram
gemmis coraliis et tibi ſucinis
ſcite compoſitam.   nunc ita ſi placet,
i mecum modo tu deliciae domum.

crebris iam iuvenes cantibus et choris
feſtos vere dies concelebrant tibi.
quodſi te moveant omnia quae feram,
tum mecum remane deliciae meae.

Farewell

VI

Farewell, dear Leader of the light,
The ſhadows fall, a fond farewell!
With velvet foot ſteals on the Night
And weaves around her drowſy ſpell.
Her ſable cloak, with jewels ſtarred
She ſoftly caſts o'er churl and king;

Nox

VI

Nox erat et caelo fulgebat luna ſereno
inter minora ſidera.

Terque quaterque vale, lucem qui ducis amicam!
nam veſperaſcit iam dies:
obrepens bona Nox operoſis munera defert,
regique ſomnum et pauperi;
terras pallâ aſtris diſtinctâ contegit omnes,

Alike

Alike from grief and joy debarred
  They ſhare the peace fair Night doth bring.
Farewell, dear Leader of the light,
  The ſhadows fall, a fond farewell!
      Farewell! Farewell!

L. D. Syle.

ut

ut, gaudiis curiſque ibi
denique depoſitis, iucunde quiſque fruatur
deae bonis amabilis.
terque quaterque vale, lucem qui dücis amicam!
adveſperaſcit! iam vale!

He

VII

He who would have beautiful Roſes in his garden
must have beautiful Roſes in his heart.

S. R. Hole.

Viſne

VII

Viſne roſae ſpecie praecellentes tibi creſcant?
eſt uſus fieri primum in corde roſas.

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